SEEKING THE LIGHT.

Our Continent A rose-tree climbed by the window side Coronaled over with green; And ambient kisses of suntit May, And crystal dows at the close of day Woed the pearly bads that, folded, hills The crown of the Summer's queen.

Under the floor so damp and cold, Thethe the door in the deeth and mould A strong root ran that felt the life Of the out-life world with beauty rice And it pushed a tendril up to see If any chance of growth could be Not a gliot was there of sun or dew, No a gleam of light the darkness through But cobwebs and clay, and pubbles and dust It must grow through these, if grow it must

The roses bloomed by the window side, Creamy and sweet and fair-The royal crowns of a royal June-The gold of a Summer's golden noon Cups of the gods, distilling wide Ambrowia on the air.

Up through the steps of stone so cold-Up through the steps a tale was told Of life that would live because it must, Of life and growth in darkness and dust: For a green leaf smiled at the blossoms rare Showering their glory everywhere; And more to me than the roses' gold Was the wealth of praise one leaf could hold Ab, leaf so brave, how many there be, in human life, sacking life like thee!

SECRETS OF THE CIRCUS.

The gymnast, although modest, was willing to speak of his achievements. As he blew the smoke from a big cigar through his bristly moustache, he did not look as though he had ever been a woman; but he was a woman to all appearances for several years. "Is your name Mr. Lulu?" asked the

reporter. "No, just Lulu."

"Been in the show business all your

"Since I was a boy, but my perform ances have always been of a special character-that of making flights through he nir. For years after my first ap searance I was a girl. Why was I? Because it enhanced the interest of the performance. A crowd at a circus will eye a woman with intense curiosity when they wouldn't thick of looking at a man, you know. When the speciators saw me shoot up into the air to a height of forty feet or more; as quies as thought, without knowing how it was done they were with wonder and admiration. They thought there must be something supernatural about it."

Were you not suspected of not be-

ing a woman?" My sex was always a matter of speculation, but my appearance was in favor of the theory that I was a woman; and no one could assert that I was not. When I was younger my fact was essentially of a feminine type. I maintained my disguise under au circumstances; even my intimate acquaintances were deceived. My hair, which was very light, was allowed to grow long and was put up in curl papers every night; as regularly as the locks of the most finicial maiden. My dresses were marvels of art, and-if i may say it, the envy of women. I re ceived all sorts of attentions from men. No favorite equestrienne ever receive more notes or flowers. Once I was asked to act as bridesmaid at a wedding, and as I could not refuse I went through the ceremony, blushing when it was proper and looking demure and sorry just at the right moments. But greatest trial I ever had was in fighting a German baron who want-d to marry me. He attended my performances night after night, sent me flowers and messages and made use of every opportunity he could to express his devotion. He followed me from town to town, and it was with great difficulty that I got rid of his attentions

"How was your perpendicular leap

"By means of a mechanical device," replied the gymnast, twirling his mous tache. "It is necessary to have innovations in all forms of amusement. The world grows tired of old tricks. I stood in full view of the spec, ators on an iron plate about a foot in diameter, which was attached to a spindle running down through a frame-work. The spindle was thrown up a distance of seven feet above the stage by means of rubber springs, carrying the plate with it. The sorings were powerful enough to send my body through the air like a shot. Another set of rubber springs jerked the spindle back as quickly as it shot out, so that the motion both ways was too quick for sight. On reaching my distance I caught hold of

"Is this performance dangerous?" "Very. It was necessary to po e my body so that it would be exactly in line with the median line of the spindle. Otherwise I would receive a severe shock, be thrown in the wrong direction and miss the ropes. The least dolay in releasing the spring after the signal is given increases the danger. ·Did you ever meet with any serious

areident when making this flight?" "One night at Dublin the machine was imperfect and the spring released before I was ready, throwing me on my head and shoulders in the orchestra circle. There was a great uproar in the house. When they ried me out they thought I was dead. This performance is so dangerous, in fact, that no other gymnast has ever undertaken it?" "What sensations do you experi-

"I feel as if the earth had anddenly fallen from under me. But there is really no time for thought. I am at

the ropes in an instant. "How are you able to grasp the

"By instinct. I can see nothing."

. What induced you to give up this performance? "I grew too stout. One day my body was almost telescoped by the shock. I then set to work to devise a machine trat would enable me to distribute the spent in making experiments. This machine is very simple in its construction. An iron plane about fifteen feet long is suspended on an axle at a slight angle. Rubber springs are made to act so as to throw the plane forward suddenly into a position nearly perpen body, which is lying at full length at the upper end of the plane, so that I describe an arc and alight in a new net about sixty feet from the machine. about sixty feet from the machine. first performance on the catapult wa given three years ago at Blackpool,

months with weights and stuffed figures. I could not tell how far the machine would throw me or in what posi- slong the lovely roads she would poin tion I would alight. The first time I out the scone of this or that story, as was thrown I lost all sense of what I she had written it out in her beautiful was doing or where I was going. I was utterly belole a and came down into the net on my head and face head was so cut and bruised that my nair came out in bunches."

"How many turns do you make in describing the arc? "Form rly I made three; but a triple somersanit is dangerous. You lose command of yourself after completing the second turn." "Is your course through the air the

same every time?" "No; a different calculation has to b made for each flight. I am not able to tell how far I am going until balf the memory for highest praise. She was force of the impulse is spent. Then greatly delighted with Hawtnorne's force of the impulse is spent. Then the turns are made so that I may come down on my shoulders into the net." "Have you ever used any other me-

chanical device? "In London I made the experiment of using a marhine much the same as a catapult, but suspended in mid-air. The springs were so adjusted that the ron beam on which I lay, when releasd, described almost a semi-circle, so hat when my body left it I was underneath instead of on top of it."

"What sort of a line did your b le cribe in passing through the air?" "This machine threw me a distance of 206 feet in almost a straight line. My movement was so straight and so wift that it was almost impossible for me to turn my body even once. In fact, did not recover consciousness until my force was nearly spent. Besides, the impulse of the machine gave me uch a severe shock that the feat was attended with very great danger. On this account I was forced to abandon his performance after several trials. "What is the principle of the cannon rom which gymnasts are sometimes

hurled? "The same principle is involved in his machine as that used in making perpendicular flight, the only difference seing that the body is sent in an obique line upward, instead of perpendicularly into the nir. As the performer can get his position with perfect safety, this feat is not attended with nuch danger."

"How is the spring released in this instrument?" "By means of a trigger set off by the

xplosion of powder. "How is the mystery of the erial dance explained?" "This device is the same in principle as the others, with, of course, a difference in the arrangements of the springs. and the addition of wire and pulleys which enable the body to ascend and descend slowly. If the springs were allowed to be released suddenly the dancer would be thrown into the sir with great force. This is prevented by

chinery is concealed from view, the illusion is almost complete. "Went is the secret of the perform ance made by the young woman who slides from the top of the canvass to the ground by her back hair?"

means of a brake managed by a man

behind the scenes. As the entire ma-

The gymnast smiled. "There is a trick about that," he trame, and attached to a wheel which slides down the rope.

"Why is it that other gymnasts do not attempt the catapult perform-

"They are afraid of it. It requires more nerve than leaping, vaulting, or any of the ordinary acrobatic feats, and I have never been able to find a man willing to try it. Lizze Devine attempted the feat several times, and met her death at Wilkesbarre, Penn., the year before last, in attempting to make a flight. Her difficulty was in not being to able to comman I herself while in the air. The poor girl came down in bad shape, injuring her spine, and in two days was dead."

Mary Russell Mitford.

mer T. Fields I always think of my old friend as the Priestess of Cheerfulness. Her laugh was musical and her manner inspiring to that degree we all felt our circula-tion quickened while in her pres-

She u ed to say to me if her life were to be gone over again she would study medicine and practice as a physician. And what a tressure in the sick room she would have become!

Her faithful sunny disposition and tender sympathy, would have been of themselves full of healing properties, and her touch would have been a sov ereign remedy for aches and bruises.

Here was a life of strange vicissi indes. When she was 11 years old she was sent to a young girl's school in London, and went to her books of study in real carnest. As if French, Italian, history, geography, astronomy, music singleg, drawing, were not enough to employ her faculties, she thirsted for Latin, that she might read Virgit in its original. If I remember rightly, she told me that when she was 14 or 15 years old she got the prize for French, English, and Latin composition at the old-

fashioned London school. Mary was always a precocious child. and was able to read when she was only 3 years o d. When scarcely more than an inf n her father used to perch her on the table and teach her to recite poetry. The ballads in "Percy's Re-' were her delight, and no doubt attuned her mind to the harmony verse, and gave her a bias toward il

simple and natural in poetry. Mary was a great reader even in her When searcely in ber early childhood. teens she kept a journal of the books she was reading at that period, and I find fifty-five volumes set down as the works the had perused in thirty-one days. She literally devoured whatever came in her way, that was worth

When still a young lady she became a writer herself. Having the facult, of admiration for what is best in characpoems expressive of her feeling for the prominent poets and statesmen of the day. In 1810 she published a volume of Miscellaneous Poetry, and as the reviews were favorable and the sale very

fair, the young lady was content. But her genuine and crowning liter-

among the books that must be read at least once in everybody's life-time. The locality of "Our Village" is at the Three-mile Cross, as it is called, "Were you successful at first?"

"I was nearly killed two or three many times ridden with the dear old times, although I had experimented for lady, in her little pony-chaise, miles

well, where he died in a sitting position and miles round about that charming in a few minutes. Saveral shots were country. As we used to go quieti ired from without: the bullets buried themselves in the plastered ceiling of the chamber, where the marks may still be distinctly seen, though they have pages. Her voice was one of the most seen filled up with mortar. magnetic Lever heard, and when she repeated poetry her tones were far above singing. On such occasions, This was one of the most exciting and remarkable tragedies that ever occurred in the State of Illinois, and in its when the poems she repeated were specially dear to her, I used to think, details was quite as dramatic as th

death of Elijah Lovejoy at Alton.

knowledge, and that no ghosts or rest-less spirits of the dead had ever come

unbidden to disturb her slumpers there.

AN OLD NAN'S PANORAMA.

Some Suggestions from Thurlow Weed's

Detroit Free Press.
In one of Louis Figuier's imaginative

scientific books he pisces a spectator on a distant star which the reflected

light from the earth does not reach in

behold the principal events and promi-

nent men that have made the history

of the world for a century past. He

could, as a young child, see the war

of Independence, the French Revolu-

tion, the rise and fall of Napoleon, the

wonderful modern inventions, from the

steam engine to the telegraph, the fig-

Wellington and Bismarck, Gocthe and

ures of Washington and Bonaparte

Herbert Spencer, Byron and Tenny-

son, Scott and Charles Reade, all of

his 160th birthday, he could on that

distant star live over again his earthly

people behold their own, passing be-

What the Frenchman's imaginary

inhabitant of the star could see, the

still vigorous and vivid memory of a

veteran like Thurlow Weed can now

behold, as in a vision. The 85th auni-

ton. At 7 he could have read the re-

was overwhelmed in the snows

of Russia, and the close of his military

tion of the French army at Waterloo.

Byron had not yet walked on that cele-

cabin boy, he spent in going from New

York to Albany will now suffice for the

journey from the Atlantic to the Pa-

cific Ocean. He has seen nearly every

invention charicteristic of this mechan-

ical age originated and developed. The

steamboat, the railroad, the steam

loom, the power pre s, the telegraph.

light, and electric light; even the huz-

bler but not less useful discoveries-

France travel the whole circle from

the first republic through two empires

man who, while a boy, had seen one of

the pilgrim fathers in old age, and as

an old man himself may take the band

of a boy in petticoats, who will see the

200th anniversary of the independence

of the United States; thus touching on

either side generations that are sepa-

rated by the gulf of three centuries and

a half.

fore him like a panorama.

music in the first movement of Beetho vens "Moonlight Sonats." She was greatly interested in Longfellow's and Holmes' poems, and knew many of them by heart. Whittier was also a great favorite, and his earlier ballads, especially that of "Cassandra Southwick." were constantly in her books, and he was one of her choicest

during the recitation, of the delicious

heroes in literature to the last. Fiewers and dogs were her pets Over a bunch of geraniums she would discourse eloquent thoughts, and I have heard her say the drollest things to her canine favorites. She never eculd be qui e happy without the company of at least one or two handsome dogs. She less than 100 years. Equipped with a loved horses, too, and knew their points accurately vidual eo. id in the course of a long life least one or two handsome dogs. She

She died in 1855 at the age of 68, worn out with constant hard work begun at too early an a e for continued sound health. For years sne nursed her father and mother through repeated illnesses with unremitting care and sffection. She told me she had hardly known an unbroken night's rest after she became old enough to tend upon the sick bed of her dear parents. tense repose and peace dond features, as if at last she was really taking a rest her anxious, watchful live had never known.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES. Mormonism in Illinois.

Eagene J. Halt, writing from Carthage, Ili., recently to the Inter-Ocean

Carthage is an historical town. Tee old Court House, in the midst of the public square, with its windy halls and time-stained chandellers, has been the scene of many important civil and versary of his birthday was celebrated criminal cases. From its steps the two last week, and is a suggestive tie of great giants of Illinois politics-Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas -met in intellectual combat years ago, and many of the older citizens take great pride and pleasure in recounting the incidents of those exciting days that preceded the late war.

A few squares to the north and west stands the venerable jail building, now transformed into a comfortable residence, and inhabited by a prominent and highly respectable citizen, Mr. J. M. Browning, and his es imable family, permitted to enter the never-to-be for- of 1812, freezing in the winters of the throwing up the earth and gotten chamber of death, where Joseph northern frontier, Napoleon,s army and Hyram Smith, the Mormon saints, were mercilessly murdered.

From Miss Etta Browning, the accomplished daughter of the present owner of this notable building, I learned the following facts and details of the terrible tragedy, which I relate nearly word for word as she told them

frame which emerges from her costume at the back of her neck. A small leather of at that time at Nauvoo, which is situated at that time at Nauvoo, which is situated about twenty-five miles northwest garments now are an infinitesimal too distrustful. The dog is also employof Carthage, near the Mississippi River.

There the "saints," so called, built a 000,000 worth annually produced in costly temple-since destroyed. The materials of which it was constructed have been converted into the homes hebitations and business establishments of the "gentiles." Many Mormons still reside in that vicinity, but they

are not polygamists. Warrants were procured at Carthage for the arrest or Joseph Smith (the 'Prophet" and his brother Hyrum and a number of others accused of destroying a printing-press at Nauvoo on which denouncing the Mormon doctrine , and charging the Smiths with | coal for fuel, the cast-iron plow, and vicious conduct and various crimes, had | the photograph—have come within his been printed. The Mormons were prosecuted for the offense of burning the printing office and throwing the press into the Mississippi River.

The Smiths surrendered themselves without resistance. It is stated that and two monarchies, back to a repubthey willingly went to jail, hoping to lie again; Prussia and Italy emerge protection there in the hands of from a congeries of small, weak states the authorities from their enemies who to a mighty empire and a consolidated threatened them. They were not thrust into cells, as has been affirmed by many, might have taken the hand of an old but were placed in the southeastro en, on the second-story floor, which was ordinarily used as the jailer's parlor.

The name of the jailer, or deputy sheriff at this critical time, was Stigall. The Smiths, being in constant fear of their lives, demanded protection from the authorities, and a militia organization, known as the "Carthage Grays." was detailed to guard then On the evening of June 27, 1844, a mob numbering nearly fifty men, approach ed the jail and surrounded it. The milit a guard, being in sympathy with the mob, made no resistance. Some of the men comprising this mob are said to be still living in the vicinity of Carthage.
The jailer had just taken the Smiths heir supper when the mob appeared.

oseph is said to have exclaimed: "My God, Hyrum, the mob is comng, and we will be murdered!" They left their supper untouched, and tarted to defend themselves as best

they could. The mobrushed into the building caped up the stairway, and attempted to break in the wooden door,

Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and two other men.named respectively Taylor and Richards, who were confined with them, praced themselves against the door and resisted to their utmost power he approach of the intruders. Then one of the mob stepped back s

pace, and, leveling his gun, sent a bullet crashing through a panel of the door and into the head of Hyrum Smith killing him almost instantly. Another shot was fired, which penetrated the frame of the door near the latch. The holes made by the bullets are still visible, and the dark blood stains may ye be distinguished upon the old oaken floor. The fall of Hyrum Smith creat force over my whole body. The result ter, a happy quality worth acquiring ed a great panic in the room. Richards was the catapult, after several months by all young persons, she used to write stepped behind the door, and was unobspent in making experiments. served by the mob. Taylor crawled under the bed, when he was severely wounded. Joseph Smith retreated to the east side of the room and leaped upon the broad window-sill, where to moment he tried to defend himself with a pistol or revolver, with which he wounded one or more of his assailants He was severely hurt, but he continued to fight his adversaries. In some way the window was raised, and a shot from without gave the "Prophet" a mortal wound. He fell through the window to the ground below a distance of twelve or fourteen feet. Some say

She Concluded That He Was too Young Cincinnati Saturday Night.

ousekeeping. A very pretty picture they made, George Smith and Jane Brown, as they sat upon the front step that beautiful

moonlit night, waiting for the 4:15 a. m up comet.

He was only nineteen, and over her The use of the building as a jail was discontinued about twenty years ago. Miss Browning, in conclusion assur

> He felt that he could not, in the very near future, afford to rent and handsomely furnish a beautiful home, for he was only getting four dollars a week; nor could he even board at a first-class hotel, and as he broke these sad facts to Jane, the great scalding manly tears rolled down his cheeks

'Twas then that, woman-like, and in gentle soothing accents, she came to

and deeply. Turting at length to the fair being of his beart's choice he said: "Jane, it would be sweet indeed to dwell with you in blissful solitude upon some rock-bound coast; to wander hand in hand upon the sea shore all day long and light the storm-tos-ed mariner's way at night; but it takes political incourse, 100 years late, but still dis-tinct and consecutive. Were he a forfluence to get a lighthouse, and I, alas! naven't even got a vote. No, Jane, I mer 'nhabitant of this earth, dying on am afraid we cannot go to lighthouse sceping, but I will save my money, go to a commercial college and learn bookkeeping. life and see his career as drowning

And when Jane had heard the words that were spoken by George, sne mar velled greatly, and she said: "Honceforth, George I can but love you with a mother's lave. "You're too young for me." And she went into the

house.

reminiscence between this age and the The Caterer. The employment of the pig in search

age, have heard, perhaps understood, it ily in the fifteenth century, and his nection. But it is a kind of pig quite port of Jefferson's re-election. Na- different from the obese animal poleon's coronation as Emperor of is the pride of breeders. He trots be-France, the battle of Austerlits, and of fore his master, and on reaching the the first steam locomotive on a Welsn place of search he smells the ground tramway. As a cabin boy on one Hud- and stoos where a truffle has attracted son River he saw Fulton's first steam- h m by its aroma. A curious scene boat ascend that stream. While he then ensues. The pig begins vigorousthrough the kindness of whom I was himself was, as a soldier in the war ly to dig his snout into the ground, sometimes kneeling on his short fore legs so as to obtain a better purchase. When he has reached the truffle, howlife was simultaneous with the destruc- ever, the gatherer steps in and with an iron prong disengages it from the soil He generally manages to save it from brated morning and found himself fa- the hungry jaws of his auxliary, but mous by the publication of "Child sometimes the pig will seize it and run Harold," and the pleasure of reading off, the gatherer pursuing. After much would easily perceive, but t. ey do not.
As a matter of fact, she sits in an iron frame which emerges from her costume at the back of her neck. A small leathtraction of the \$200,000,000 or \$300,ed as an assistant in truffic gathering the barboni or barbet dogs of the this country. The week which, as a Milanese and Piedmontese garded as the best. Their use in way also originated in Italy. At one German courts. hunting" with dors was quite a fashon. But where the truffle is largely cultivated as a lucrative product, the pig is generally preferred on various accounts. He has greater force of snout, and can dig up hard ground sewing machine, the telephone, gas better, doing three-fourths of the work of excavation. The dog is sooner kerosene for illumination, anthracite fatigued, is less steady at his work, and often wounds his paws in scraping out the stony or compact grounds; be personal knowledge. He has has lived sides, he leaves his master more to do under the administration of every Presi-Still, the dog is found a valuable aid to the poschers of truffles. These men, dent from Washington to Arthur; seen living by fraud, are obliged to extend pretty widely the field of their opera-tions, and train the dogs just to mark with their paws the place where truflies are to be found.

A Plea for Girls. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

At an early age we present our pal

girls with a n edle. When we consid-

er the posit on necessary to sewing, can

we wonder she grows pa er? Let us base our social customs on the truth that for many years our children are mere animals. Do not saddle or bri-

dle your celt too young, or you will ruin your horse. Then, too, our girls

make their debut in society too early.

often at the age of 16 entering upon a round of social gaieties. When we

think what this young life must sustain

the d licacy of American women should

cause no suprise: First, the girl must

rally under a great physical change;

second, she must stand well in solool

third, she must assumes some care of

her own wardrobe; fourth, she must

this with the school-days of box s-study

laboring classes, where some work de-

volves on boys, it is always of a healthy

nature, chopping wood, making gar

den or running errands. So naecus

arothe requisitions made on the se

out side of the school room, that on

two conclusions is inevitable-

boys are shamefully lazy, or gir

eruelly overworked. From 14 to the allotted age for study. Yo

swallow whole, and digest a G. ak

te lectual development that is compri-ble with the highest physical health. I placed for the heroic in study and play

and for the freedom of youth as long

as possible. It is not a stoic's life I demand; but a waltz at the dancing school with a boy of her own age is far

etter for a girl of 16 than the flatter

of a society man, of double her years at some fashionable soiree. A game of billiards gives more benefit and pleas-

ure than the most exquisite piece of

more desirable for pale cheeks and

cloudy brains than anxious hours over

a cook stove. To the declaimers against ill health, our American girls would do well to say: "We will take care of our higher education if you will

let the cookstove and needle take care

Soft words may appease an angre

order to extinguish the fire?

fandy work; a canter on hoeseback is

obey the behests of society.

Couldn't Work That String. Detroit Free Press. In the early days of what is now : very rich and widely circulated Michigan weekly newspaper, the editor had occasion to bestow some advice on a rich and influential citizen. The advice was not kindly taken. On the contrary, word was sent to the office that in case the offense was repeated somebody would be made to suffer for it. It was promptly repeated, of course, and the influential citizen soon appeared and began:

Sir! you have seen fit to attack me through the columns of your paper. You have declared war. I accept it. From this on it shall be war to the knife. My brother will withdraw his advertising.

. Never advertised a line with us, replied the editor." "I will ask my friends to refuse you "This whole town doesn't have \$10

worth a year. "You shall have no more legal advertising. Never had a square of it yet, and

don't expect any."
Sir!" exclaimed Influential, as he paused in his walk, "I will cide through he country and stop your subscriptions; yes, sir, I will lose you four hun ired subscribers between this and the next winter!" "How many?"

"Four hundred, sir."
"Colonel Blank! 'shouted the editor, as he rose up in his wrath, "you are the biggest fool in Americal How on earth are you going to take four hun-dred subscribers off my books when the "Gazette" has only three hundred and fifty-five, counting in all the dead-heads and deadbeats? Go away, sir! Go and take your revenge by throwing stones at my cow and making up faces at my dog?

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

Love is not love which alters when

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Bir.s.

This one could not fly very far

and lighted on a limb close to me and

caught and tamed it. I would put it it

the nest at sight and in the morning

would get it and feed it. It would not

eat very much. I gave it to a little girl and she took it home with her and

I think the cat caught it. The bird of

paradise has a forked tail and is gray.

The beak is very short. It does not sing, but one of them makes a noise

like a gobbier and they both twitter.

I found two mocking birds, nests; one

had two little birds in it and the other

one had two speckled eggs in it. The

wind blow the nest of birds out of the

tree and killed them both. The other

little eggs hatched and the birds would

open their bills so wide I could stick

my finger down their throats. I found

Doves' nests are almost flat. I found

one with two birds in it and they al-

most crowded each other out of the

nest they were so large. I think that

the dove is the prettiest bird I ever

could write the truth about it.

birds better than I do frogs.

SIW.

great many doves' nests this year.

By Jenn'e Brown, Young Co., Texas "But, George, we might try light Zippie Ray wanted us to tell he about some of the nice things we do in the country. Last summer, I found the nest of a bird of paradise and it had five gray eggs in it. One day I climber up the tree and the little birds were just ready to fly out and all flew out but

tair young bangs but seventeen summers had passed, and yet these two so fair, so young were trying to lift the veil from the impenetrable future and ed me with a pleasant smile that the house had never been haunted to her establish themselves in a happy union securely there.

and on to his roundabout.

his receue: "But George, we might try light housekeeping." and as she spoke, a glad light, born of the happy suggestion, illumined the trusting eyes into whose calm depths George had been fondly gazing for four hours and tweaty minutes. George pondered long

Hunting Truffles.

was a raid uncle E.I. would think we were tomboys if I told Zippie about it. The Little Street Harper. By Francis A. Counut. The light burned low on the Christ mastree in grandma Weston's parlor. The children were in the midst of a game of blindman's but, their shouts ringing merrily through the cheerful soms, when, at the sound of a harp hey all rushed to the window to listen to the music. It was only a common erp, with the usual harsh tone, but the voice of the player was clear and

weet, as he sang this rhyme: O, take me back to Italy. To my beloved home: My heart is heavy in this land Where I am doomed to roam. I'm dying in the cold, blenk wind, O, give me sunny skies!

A word in my father's loving voice A look from my mother's eyes. The lights burn bright on Christmas trees, In many happy homes: But, ah, to poor little boys like me, No Christmas ever e mes.

The older people, as well as the children, had enjoyed the song, and when it was ended they sent out so many nickles and bright, silver quar-ters that the tired minstrol felt that he night safely go home to his cruel master-the padrone who had purchased him of his parents in Italy or of some kidnapper, and kept him, and several other such lads, singing and playing to collect money for his own selfish use If one of these boys came home at night with less than a certain sum of money they knew well that the padrone would beat him cruelly.

Little Francisco sang a thanksgiving for his present, quite merrily. Among the company assembled in the parlor was Professor Bach and his little motherless girl, Gretchen. enjoyed her gifts more than all the other children; for they belonged to rich parents and had so many presents that nothing was new to them. Festithat even the the coming of Chirstmas was not a great event. While these favored children were looking out at the singer with idle curiosity, Grotchen's eyes filled with tears as she saw how he shivered with the cold, and how lonely e seemed out in the dreary street. Sh said to herself, "I am sure he like a Christmas present; I don t believe ne ever had one in the world" ooked at her store of toys, fresh from the shiuing tree, and wondered which she would be most willing to spare. Then a better thought came, and she siczed the one he would be sure to like pest, rushed out of the door, and put t in his hand before she could have a chance to be sorry. At the same time she wished the stranger a merry Christ mas, in pretty broken English; of which he did not know one word, but the kindly tone, and the sight of the and play, nothing more. Even in the picture-book told of love and good-will so the poer little boy had a share in the Christmas "good times," after all Meantime Gretchen's father was talk

ing to his violin, his best loved friend "That chi'd has an angel's voice; wha a pity to have him spending it in street ballads. It would sound sweetly in the great church? I must have him in the choir." But the slow German made up his mind a little too late. When he reached the door the singer had already verb at 15, but even after the most comdlete mastication, it gives you a back.

mental dospepsia at 40. Hence the little Francisco burried home with his importance of concentrating into the lighted years of impressible memory of all its streets; past the grand houses; down to Christmas gift, through the lighted

the dark, dreary alleys, where sorrow

and poverty are always to be found. He

felt almost happy, for the first time in this strange lind; for nobody here had ever been kind to him before. Before going to the cold, dark room where he slept, Francisco put his book in a hiding-place, where the boys kept toys,
knives and such things as they could
save from their master.

During the winter month the sings of the antiquary are offended by the
often wandered in the street, cold and
hungry, but he always found comfort
in thinking of his Christmas gift—the
in thinking of his world that was his
smore endurable than the neglect slept, Francisco put his book in a hidonly thing is the world that was his very own. Day after day he played before the Weston mansion bright, mer-

ry children flocked to the windows, but his little friend Gretchen was never again with them. On Sundays he crept into a dark corner into a very gran-church, and watched the white-robachoristers msrching through the aisles man—bitter words never will. Would and often he had wished almost as much you throw fuel on a house in flames in as he longed to see Gretchen, that he

were one of them.

All this time Professor Bach did not forget Francisco. He often followed harper boys to hear them sing. hoping to recogn ze the little fellow who had sung under his window that Christmas time, but he never found the child with the angelic voice. Little Gretanen, too, was eager to see him again, and her

first question every night was?
"Papa have you found him yet?"But

the answer was: "No, my pet, but I will some day." One afternoon the Professor was hurrying home; when he found a crowd on the sidewalk, and he was surprised to see a man in their midst holding little Gretcher. The childiwas pale and trembling. He caught her to his arms instantly, and inquired what was the matter; when he soon learned that a runaway horse had dashed along the sidewalk, where Gretchen stood, too frightened to move, when a little boy carrying a harp snatched her away almost from under the horse's feet, barely in

time to save her from certain death. "Where is the boy?" cried the grateful father; "show him to me! I must see him!" He was not far off, poor child. In his anxiety to save Gretchen he had dropped his harp, and the horse had trampled on it, almost ruining it. And there they found him, crouched over his broken harp and weeping bitterly: for thought he had saved the life of his little friend, he dreaded the rage of his master.

Ah, the padrone will kill,"he cried 'My harp is ruined, ruined; what shall

I am ten years old. My mother is our teacher. Annie Brown is my sis-ter. She wrote about the horned owl. I do? But it was not long that he was left to cry over his harp. As soon as the grateful father could think of anything She is going to write about the horned frog before long. She kept one in a old can last summer, a long time so she out his child, he turned to thank and comfort Francisco. Knowing the cruelwould have killed it so as to find out ties practiced upon the street singers, what kind of a stomach it had but we ne well understood the cause of the child's terror and lamentations, al-though uttered in Italian, and he refelt sorry for it and let it go. I like Zippie, you are welcome, but mother solved that he should never go back to says you must be a foolish little thing be starved and beaten any more. Taking to be s) sensitive, and she knows that the broken harp, the Professor bade its the Parlor will be lonely without you. owner follow him; and soon the joyous Annie and I and the little girls who little party were on their way to the ive here have lots of fun. Mother warm-hearted German's modest but cheerful home. That evening the three puts stoat cotton dresses on us and lets us run. She does not care if we climb formed a merry company around the trees. She wants us to find out all we supper table, which Gretchen served, can about things and she likes us to have a good time. We have a big sisas though she were quite a woman. Just to see the little maiden was pleaster. She says if little girls do not use ure enough for the little Italian boy, slang words and are polite they are not who had been looking for her so long. tomboys even if they do climb trees. I

The next day the broken harp was mended and Gretchen begged its owner for a song. At the sound of the first notes, the Professor was filled with de-"I've found bim, I've found him,"he cried; the boy with the scraph's

voice! Little Francisco never went back to his master. Gretchen's father sent him to school and found a place for him among the very choristers whom he had envied. Every Sunday he carried the cross at the head of the procession. No voice is so sweet to little Gretchen's ear. She almost b lieves herself in heaven, as she hears him sing the grand

Christmas hymn of the world-"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will to men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory! O, Lord God! Heavenly King! God, the Father Almighty!"

Dimples Made to Order.

Chicago Herald. Learning that there was a place in

city where dimples were made to order. I went there out of curiosity. I was shown into a parlour somewhat resembling a dentist's operation room. There was a case full of bottles, washes, and wigs, and a regular dentist's chair that suggested a world of comfort. To me presently came a dapper little man in a velvet cut-away coat, and whose face wore a complacent smirk. I bashfully suggested the dimple question, and asked for some points I really wanted a dimple in my arm, and told him so. But I insinuated my disbelief in his ability to produce the necessary article. Whereupon he convinced me

by practice.
This is how it is done:—My arm be ing care and the exact spot being indicated, he placed a small glass tube, the orifice of which was extremely small, npon the spot. This tube had working within it a piston, and was so small that when the handle was drawn up the air was exhausted from the tube and it adhered to the flesh, raising a slight protuberance. Around this raised portion the operator daintily tied a bit of scarlet silk, and then took away his suction machine. The little point of of skin that was thus raised he sliced off with a wicked-looking knife bringing the blood. I tried hard not to scream. but it was so unexpected that I had to. Then he bound up the arm, placing over the wound a small silver object like an inverted cone, the point of which was rounded and polished. This little point was adjusted so as to depress the exact centre of the cut. Then he told me to go away and not touch the spot until the next day. When I came at that time he dressed my arm again. and this operation for five days, when the wound was healed. The silver cone was removed, and there sure enough beneath it was the prettiest dimple in the world. And all I had to pay was 10 dollars.

Churches on the Welsh Goast.

Harpers' Magazine.

Along the entire coast of Wales certain striking characteristics are observed in the churches. Here is a group of Welsh churches; look at their towers each more ponderous than the next. It needs no argument to convince us they were meant for strongholds as well as campaniles. They could almost defy the waves of ocean, like the cliffs; have done so, indeed, in certain instances when the seas have risen in storm and fury, and plunged roaring inlard to the church deors. The aspect of these places of worship is well in keeping with the shore scenery to streets; past the grand houses; down to which they give character. The rough which they give character. The rough weather they are often doomed to encounter in their generally exposed situations, is provided a sinst by an entire absence of external ornamentation, and a rugged solid simplicity of construction. Many of them have been restored in the present century—some rather too much restored; but of these old sea-coast temples.

God made the soul to correspond with truth. Truth is its own evidence, as the lightning flash is, as the blessed sunshine is.

We carry all our neighbor's crimes in the light and throw all our own over